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DAYS AND WAYS



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Days and Ways



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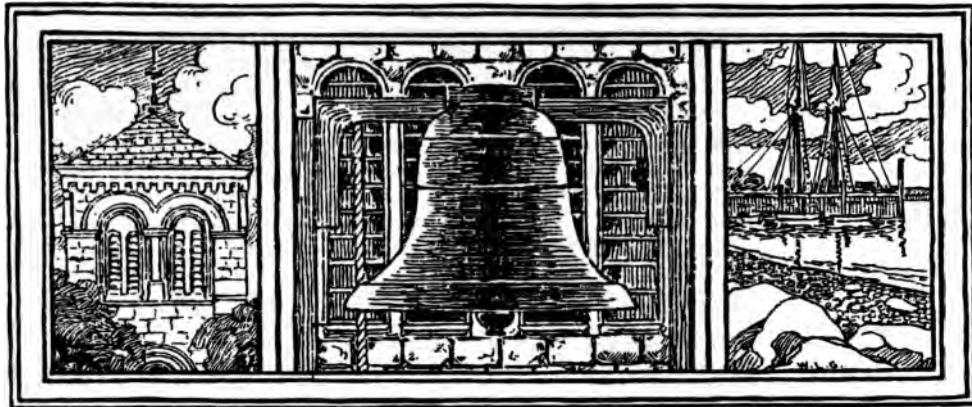
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PLYMOUTH is an ideal place for an Historic Festival. The spirit of the Pilgrims abides in the town; its atmosphere is charged with fond memories and cherished traditions. Many of the citizens bear the names of, or trace their descent from, those who came in the Mayflower. This gives reality and a charm to their presentation of the famous deeds and sayings of the past. The Festival of 1896 gave pleasure to all who witnessed its exceptional beauties.

The plan this year is to retain the best scenes, and add others of equal interest and historic value. Experience will enable the managers to improve upon their former success.

The pecuniary object is the same. The tower of the new stone church, built in memory of the Pilgrims, contains the bell cast by Paul Revere and son in 1801, broken in the fire of 1892, and recast last year. The town owns this bell, and by its direction it is rung daily,—morning, noon and night. A year ago the people were asked to aid the First Parish in paying for that part of the tower wherein the bell hangs. About half the necessary sum was raised. It is hoped the successful issue of this Festival will supply the balance. When the church is completed, connected with the churchyard as it will be by the new gateway and approach to Burial Hill, the spot, hallowed by more than two hundred years of continuous worship, will contain an enduring and fitting memorial of the virtues, heroism and noble lives of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The following pages describe the leading features of the Festival, and the attractions it offers. Several places of interest referred to are not generally known to visitors in Plymouth.

To all who contribute in any way to the success of the enterprise, the thanks of the First Parish are heartily extended.

Contents

	Page
Cover design	L. S. Watson
Introduction	C. P. L. 7
Committees	9
Boston, England	L. B. 10
	Illustration, L. S. Brewster.
The Pilgrims in Holland	A. R. H. 12
	Illustration, Mrs. F. N. Knapp.
The Embarkation	"Bradford's History" 14
	Illustration, George E. Errington.
Southampton	L. D. R. 16
	Illustration, W. L. Williams.
The Compact	A. L. 18
	Illustration, Mary C. Drew.
Indian Life	L. S. W. 20
	Illustration, Edith L. Mabbett.
The Landing of the Pilgrims	Daniel Webster 22
	Illustration, L. J. Bridgman.
The Treaty with Massasoit	"Young's Chronicles" 24
The Pilgrims Going to Meeting	L. S. W. 26
	Illustration, W. L. Williams.
The Courtship of Myles Standish	Longfellow 28
	Illustration, L. S. Brewster.
The First LeBaron	H. S. D. 30
	Illustration, L. S. Brewster.
James and Mercy Warren	Alice Brown 32
	Illustration, L. Birge Harrison.
A Tea Party of y ^e Olden Time	Selected 34
	Illustration, Mary C. Drew.
Deborah Sampson	F. H. P. 36
The Flag Dance. America	S. F. Smith 38
Wild Flowers of Plymouth	C. E. H. 39
The Crowe House	Josiah Cotton's Diary 40
	Illustration, H. C. Dunham.
The Winslow House	H. T. B. 43
	Illustration. The Winslow House . . . W. L. Williams 45
	Illustration. Staircase, Winslow House . . . H. C. Dunham 47
	Illustration. The Doorway, Winslow House. . . W. H. W. Bicknell 49
Loan Collection, Winslow House	44, 46, 48, 50, 51
Cast of Scenes	52

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Boston, England

The Imprisonment of the Pilgrims



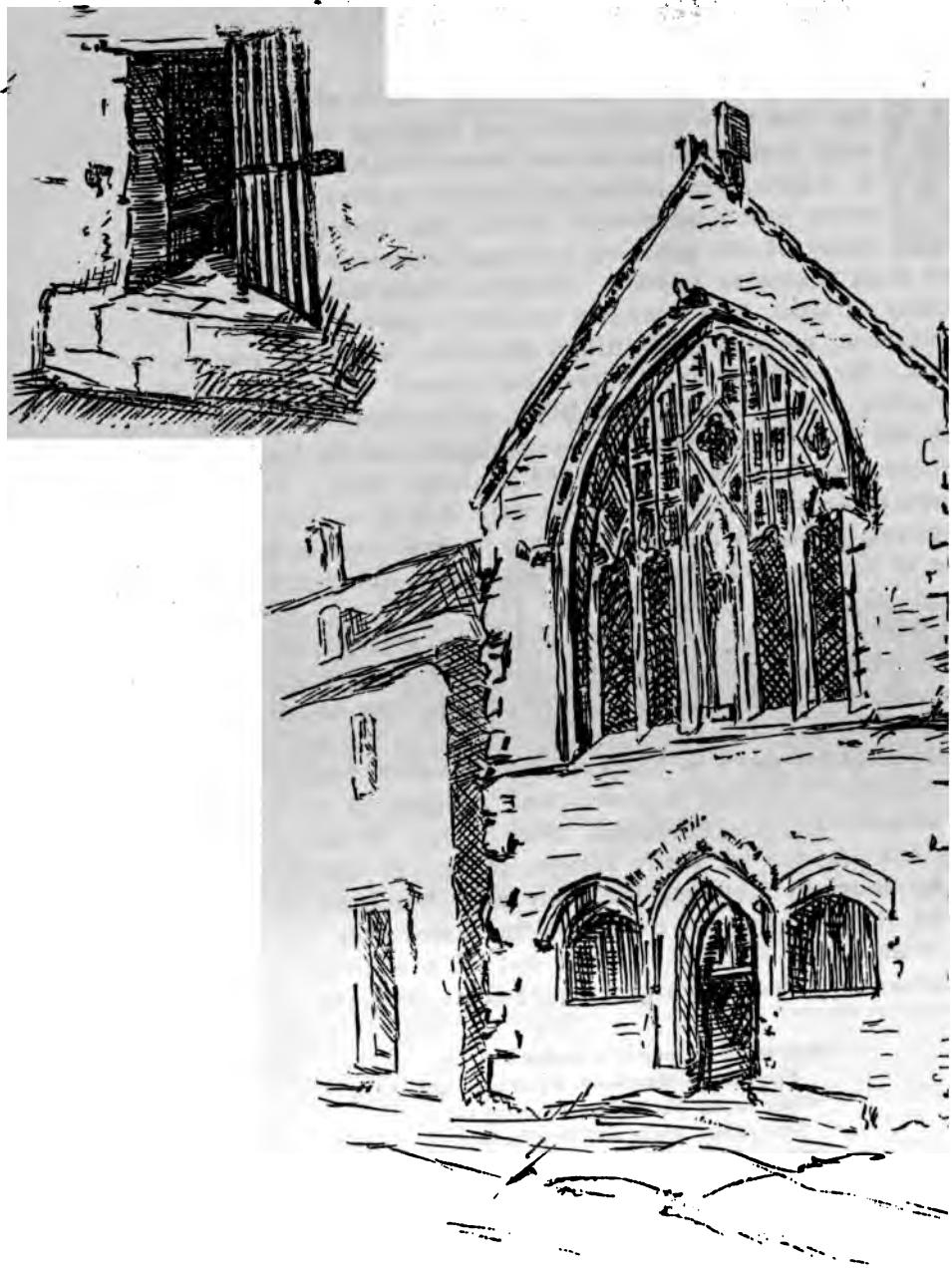
THE old town of Boston, Lincolnshire, has many claims to the remembrance of the sons of the Pilgrims. Here they came first to take passage to Holland, and met with their first misadventure; here, notwithstanding the enmity of king and bishops, they found many sympathizing friends. In the old Town Hall, Brewster, Bradford and their companions were examined before the magistrates, and here they left at their departure the seeds of the colony which was to follow them in a few years, and found the new Boston.

At the time of the flight of the Pilgrims to Holland, Boston was the most important seaport on the eastern coast of England, and the most convenient point of embarkation for that country.

King James had determined to force the Separatists to conform, or he "would harry them out of the land, or worse." They resolved to go into the Low Countries, where they had heard was freedom of religion for all men. But they found the ports and havens shut against them, so that, although they could not stay, yet were they not permitted to go.

"A large company of them purposed to get passage at Boston in Lincolnshire, and for that end had hired a ship wholly to themselves and made an agreement with the master to be ready at a certain day, and take them and their goods in. So after long waiting and large expenses, though he kept not day with them, yet he came at length and tooke them in, in y^e night. But when he had them and their goods aboard, he betrayed them, having beforehand complotted with y^e searchers and other officers so to doe; who tooke them and put them into open boats and there rifled and ransacked them, searching them to their shirts for money."

These "catchpole officers" took them back to the town, where they were imprisoned; but fortunately the magistrates of Boston sympathized with their sufferings, and after a month's imprisonment they were sent back to their homes, where they formed other plans for reaching Holland.



The Pilgrims in Holland



“**P**IVERS godly Christians” in the North of England, finding that they could not enjoy religious liberty, removed with their families to the Netherlands, and, after a year at Amsterdam, settled at Leyden in 1610, where they became much respected among the Dutch. In England many of the colonists had been weavers and printers, and they carried their looms to Leyden. Bradford there learned the “working” or dyeing of silks, and Brewster became a printer.

John Robinson, assisted by William Brewster, as elder, was pastor of the people. He died, held in “reverent regard” by them, in 1625. Robinson, finding that at Amsterdam his company had fallen into contention with the Church, and that no means could cure the same, thought it best to remove to Leyden, “a fair and beautiful city.” Here “they followed such trade and employments as they best could, valueing peace and their spiritual comfort above any other riches whatsoever; and at length came to raise a competent and comfortable living and with hard and continual labor.”

They continued many years in Leyden, enjoying much comfort under the ministry and prudent government of Mr. Robinson; and, “as many came unto them from divers parts of England, so they grew a great congregation.”

After ten years’ sojourn in Holland, the colonists, fearing the Dutch influence upon the language, customs and religion of their children, decided to remove to America, and, after a day of humiliation and prayer, they left Leyden for Delft Haven, to sail in the Speedwell, a ship hired by them in London, for their new home in an unknown country. The ship being ready to receive them, and they being prepared to depart, a “time was spent in pouring out of prayer unto the Lord with great fervency, mixed with great abundance of tears.”

“Before the Speedwell’s anchor swung,
Ere yet the Mayflower’s sail was spread,
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake and thus he said:
‘Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!
God calls you hence from over sea;
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.’”



The Embarkation



O being ready to departe, they had a day of solleme humiliation. The time was spente in powering out prairs to y^e Lord with great fervencie, mixed with abundance of tears.

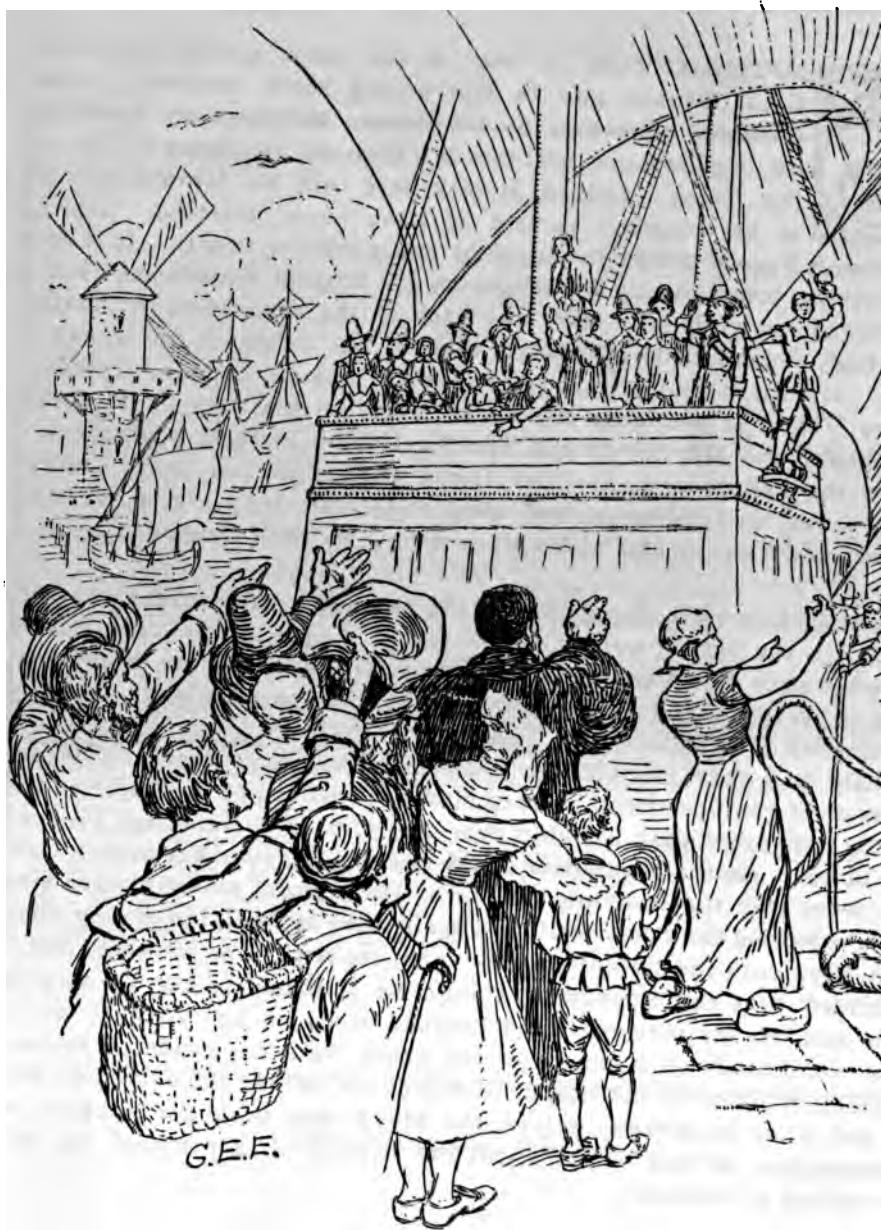
And y^e time being come that they must departe, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of y^e citie, unto a towne sundrie miles of called Delfes-Haven, wher the ship lay ready to receive them. So they lefte y^t goodly & pleasante citie, which had been ther resting place near 12 years; but they knew they were pilgrimes & looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to y^e heavens, their dearest cuntrie, and quieted their spirits.

When they came to y^e place they found y^e ship and all things ready; and shuch of their friends as could not come with them followed after them, and sundrie also came from Amsterdame to see them shipte and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with little sleepe by y^e most, but with freindly entertainmente & christian discourse and other reall expressions of true christian love.

The next day, the wind being faire, they wente aboarde, and their friends with them, where truly dolfull was y^e sight of that sade and mournfull parting; to see what sighs and sobbs and praires did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, & pithy speeches peirst each harte, that sundry of y^e Dutch strangers y^t stood on y^e key as spectators, could not refraine from tears. Yet comfortable & sweete it was to see shuch lively and true expressions of dear & unfained love.

But y^e tide (which stays for no man) caling them away y^t were thus loath to departe, their Revēd pastor falling downe on his knees, (and they all with him,) with watrie cheeks comended them with most fervente praiers to the Lord and his blessing. And then with mutuall imbrases and many tears, they tooke their leaves one of an other; which proved to be y^e last leave to many of them.

[From Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."]



Southampton



OUTHAMPTON is one of the most ancient towns in Great Britain, and to few belong more interesting associations. Remains of old Roman buildings are found in its neighborhood, and it was a frequent residence of Canute the Great. Indeed, it was here that his famous reproof to his courtiers is said to have been delivered. During the wars with France it was the scene of many stirring events. It is now a gay, thriving town, having far outgrown its original boundaries; but a ramble round its walls will carry one back to the time when the quaint-looking, high-sterned little Mayflower took in her cargo for the shores of America. On the bank above the river is a curious old cannon, presented by Henry VIII. It overlooks the broad river, on the very spot where, it is probable, the Mayflower and Speedwell took in their passengers.

Here the exiles from Holland found their brethren from London awaiting them; and, after mutual congratulations, they set to work to lay in necessary stores and make preparations for their long and perilous voyage.

The emigrants were distributed in the two ships; the larger number, of course, in the Mayflower. On the 5th of August, 1620, they finally parted with their Southampton friends, and, sailing down the river, past the Isle of Wight and its picturesque rocks, the Needles, were speedily in the English Channel.

Hardly had they reached the open sea when their troubles began. The master of the Speedwell (moved either by cowardice or dislike to the enterprise) reported that his ship was leaky, and he durst not proceed further in her. As the Mayflower could not sail without her escort, both vessels went into the romantic harbor of Dartmouth, where a week was spent in repairing the Speedwell, and again they set sail, but before they reached Plymouth the Speedwell was again reported unseaworthy, and it was decided that the Speedwell should be returned to her owners in London, and the Mayflower should proceed alone on her voyage, taking such of the Speedwell's passengers as could be accommodated in her. The vessels returned to the harbor of Plymouth, where the exchange was made, and, after these many delays, the Mayflower, with her company of 101 passengers, set sail alone, about the middle of September, for the distant shores of America.



The Compact

Signed in the Cabin of the Mayflower



O single event of Pilgrim history is so interesting, important and far-reaching in its consequences as the Signing of the Compact, "the first foundation of their government in this place," as Bradford says.

At the close of a perilous voyage the Pilgrims sighted an unexplored and inhospitable shore far north of the jurisdictional limits of their patent. Neither from King nor Company have they warrant for their landing, nor from native rulers or owners of the soil have they acquired by treaty or by purchase a single foot of the ground. They have as little recognized authority to establish a government and found a state upon the shores of Plymouth Bay as at Leyden or at Scrooby. Within their own company are murmurs of dissatisfaction and mutterings of discontent. In the will of the majority alone can they find the present authority which will enable them to meet the duties of the present and the needs of the future.

In a single sentence they state the purpose of the expedition, their recognition of the necessity of some organization for their order and preservation, and of their inherent right, under the circumstances by which they are surrounded, to make and execute such laws, constitutions and offices as shall be thought for the good of the Colony. To such they promise general submission and obedience. The simplest explanation of the Compact is that it sprang from the imperious necessities of the situation. Its supreme merit is the absence of restrictions and the simplicity and freedom from details, which show the marvellous sagacity of the men who drafted it.

The rules and policy of their simple ecclesiastical government guided them. They held that any suitable number of worshippers have the right to form themselves into a distinct church, and to choose their own officers, and that every such congregation should be governed by its own laws.

Upon this recognition of the principle that government derives its just powers from the free consent of the governed, and that the will of the majority, as expressed in just and equal laws, is the controlling authority of every community, rests the great States and greater Nation which they founded.



Indian Life



T is difficult for us whose homes are on these shores to realize that our hills and valleys, our beloved bay, with its headlands and its fishing-grounds, were once the home and the sole property of the Indian, who roamed over it at his own sweet will, subject to no laws of his own, with no master but hunger, and no restrictions but those imposed by the varying seasons.

The Indians of Massachusetts hunted, fished, and tilled the ground with good results, considering the rudeness of their implements. With their imperfect tools they made the delicate arrow heads which we of a later day are glad to wear as ornaments. Their wigwams and canoes showed much skill and ingenuity of construction; and, were it not for their lazy and improvident habits, they might have lived without the suffering which they doubtless endured for want of food during the winter months.

It was in the early spring, following the first winter, that the Pilgrims had their first meeting with the Indians, Samoset appearing among them with his "Welcome" in their own tongue. He gave them information of the neighboring tribes, and told them of Massasoit, the sachem in Nemasket, now Middleboro.

Massasoit proved the most friendly of all the Indians in this vicinity, and made a treaty with the Pilgrims lasting fifty-four years. Edward Winslow was particularly friendly with Massasoit, and in Bradford's Journal is a most touching description of a visit he paid him in a severe illness, and of how he saved his life by his careful nursing.

Later came wars and bitter fighting, and finally extinction.

"Alas, for them! Their day is o'er,
Their fires are out on hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plough is on their hunting-grounds.
The pale man's axe rings through their woods;
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry.
Their children,—look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the West
Their children go to die!"



The Landing of the Pilgrims



E feel that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity and civilization and letters made their first lodgment in a vast extent of country covered with a wilderness and peopled by roving barbarians. The imagination irresistibly and rapidly draws around us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean and we see where the little bark, with the interesting group upon its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us and behold the hills and promontories where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. Beneath us is the Rock on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims. We seem even to behold them, as they struggle with the elements, and with toilsome efforts gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience; and we see chilled and shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast, till our own blood almost freezes. The mild dignity of CARVER and of BRADFORD; the decisive and soldierlike air and manner of STANDISH; the devout BREWSTER; the enterprising ALLERTON; the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joys for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation,—all of these seem to belong to this place, and to be present upon this occasion, to fill us with reverence and admiration.

[From Webster's Address at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1820.]



The Treaty with Massasoit



HURSDAY, March 22 (1621), was a very fair, warm day. About noon we met about our public business. But we had scarce been an hour together, but Samoset came again and Squanto, the only native of Patuxet, where we now inhabit, and signified unto us that their great sagamore, Massasoyt, was hard by, with Quadequina, his brother, and all their men.

After an hour the King came to the top of a hill over against us, and had in his train sixty men. We were not willing to send our Governor to them, and they were unwilling to come to us. So Squanto went again unto him, who brought word that we should send one to parley with him, which we did, which was Edward Winsloe, to know his mind, and to signify the mind and will of our Governor, which was to have trading and peace with him. We sent to the King a pair of knives, and a copper chain with a jewel at it. To Quadequina we sent likewise a knife, and a jewel to hang in his ear, and withal a pot of strong water, a good quantity of biscuit, and some butter, which were all willingly accepted.

Our messenger made a speech unto him, that our Governor desired to confirm a peace with him, as his next neighbor. He liked well of the speech and heard it attentively. After he had eaten and drunk himself and given the rest to his company, he looked upon our messenger's sword and armor, which he had on, with intimation of his desire to buy it, but on the other side, our messenger showed his unwillingness to part with it. In the end, he left him in the custody of Quadequina, his brother, and came over the brook and some twenty men followed him, leaving all their bows and arrows behind them. We kept six or seven as hostages for our messenger.

Captain Standish and Master Williamson met the King at the brook, with half a dozen musketeers. They saluted him, and he them; so one going over, the one on the one side, and the other on the other, conducted him to a house then in building where we placed a green rug and three or four cushions. Then instantly came our Governor with drum and trumpet after him, and some few musketeers. After salutations, our Governor kissing his hand, the King kissed him, and so they sat down. The Governor called for some strong water and he drunk a great draught. He called for a little fresh meat which the King did eat willingly and did give his followers.

They then treated of peace, which was that neither he nor his should do hurt to any of our people; and if ours did any harm to any of his, we would do the like to them. If any did unjustly war against him, we would aid him; if any did war against us, he should aid us. Lastly, that doing thus, King James would esteem of him as his friend and ally.

All which the King seemed to like well, and it was applauded of his followers. All the while he sat by the Governor he trembled for fear. In his person he is a very lusty man, in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance, and spare of speech; in his attire little or nothing differing from the rest of his followers, only in a great chain of white bone beads about his neck; and at it, behind his neck, hangs a little bag of tobacco, which he drank, and gave us to drink. His face was painted with a sad red, like murrey, and oiled both head and face, that he looked greasily. All his followers likewise were in their faces, in part or in whole, painted, some black, some red, some yellow, and some white, some with crosses, and other antic works; some had skins on them, and some naked; all strong, tall men in appearance.

So after all was done, the Governor conducted him to the brook, and there they embraced each other, and he departed; we diligently keeping our hostages.

[Young's "Chronicle of the Pilgrims."]



The Pilgrims Going to Meeting

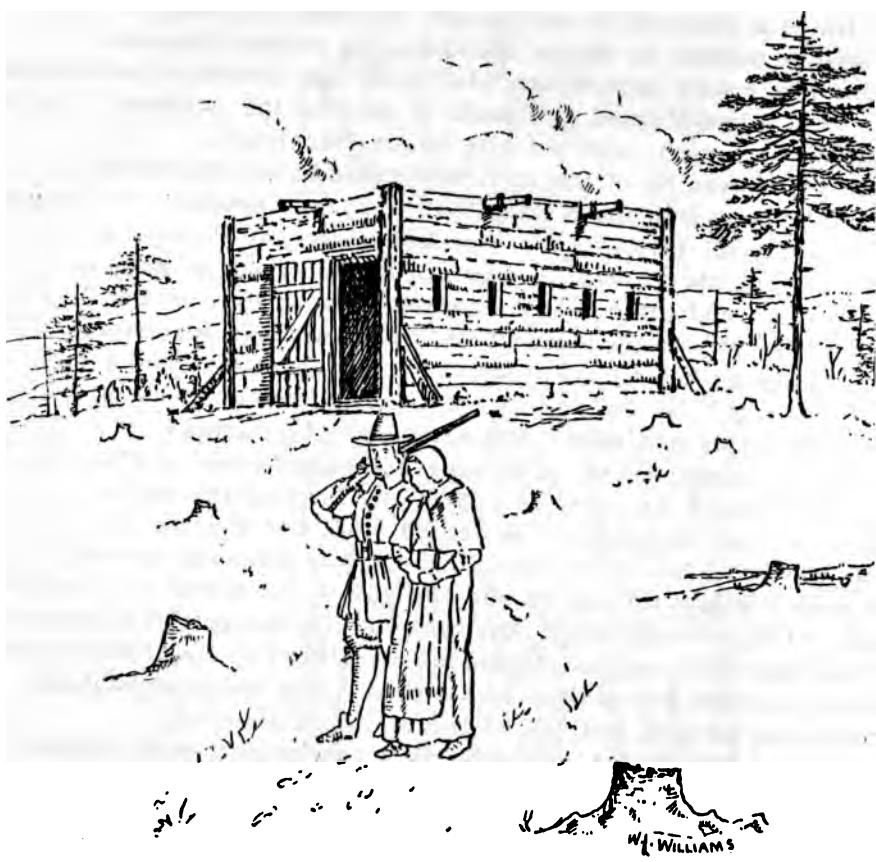


HE observance of the Lord's Day was the most solemn feast in the life of the Pilgrims of Plymouth. A portion of each day was given to religious duties, but we may imagine with what decorous joy they assembled on the seventh day of the week and listened to the teachings of the good Elder Brewster, who was for a long time their ruling elder but not a settled minister. This latter they did not have until 1629.

As we look back over the past we may see with the mind's eye the little procession straggling up the steep ascent where so many are now gathered together for all time. In the winter time, the ground snow covered, the women leading their children in the path they should tread, fearful of every crackling twig, or bit of snow dropping from the trees, in summer more fearful still, as the Indian would have better ambush. The dreadful savage might be lurking anywhere, was probably spying on their every motion; but these things would never keep any of that fearless band from the old log watch-house on the hill, where, once arrived, and guarded by the snap-hances of the men, and the small armament, they enjoyed as much security as they could ever know.

Here in the rude house did they listen to the good words of Brewster, and joined their voices in the Psalms of old England. "They sang the songs of Zion in a strange land." Yet may we not suppose that these devoted people could take some joy in the surroundings which their descendants enjoy so much;—that the view from the old hill gave them the same pleasure that it gives us today; and that, coming home, they allowed themselves to pick some of the wild roses and other flowers that bloomed for them as they do for us; and that the children found the wild strawberries that the old writers mention so frequently?

"So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or, raining in the summer's wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled."



The First Meeting-house.
1621.

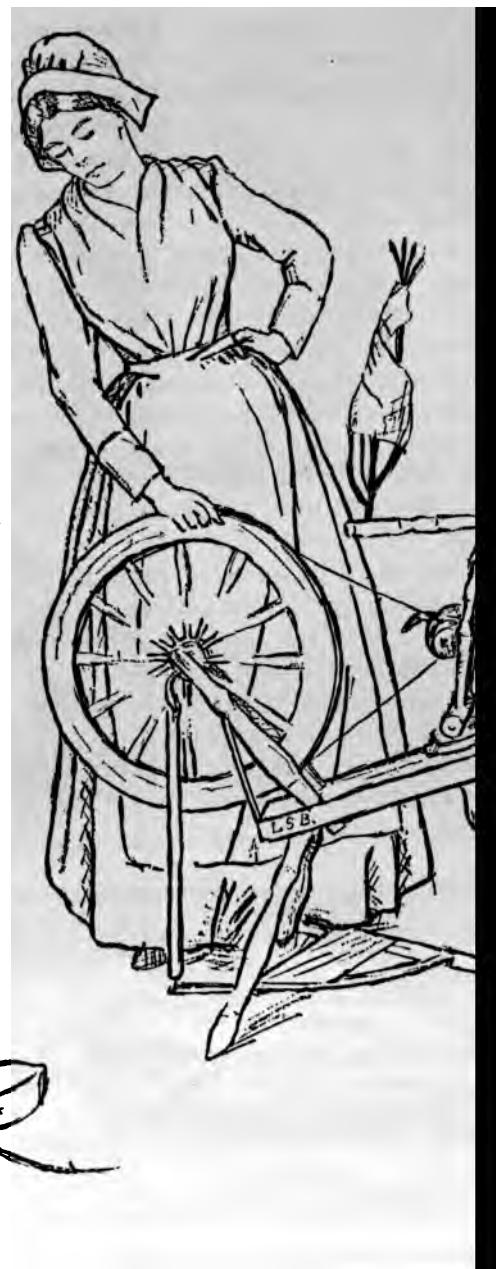
W. J. WILLIAMS

The Courtship of Myles Standish

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Strode with a martial air Myles Standish, the Puritan Captain.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window.
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.
Thus to the young man spake Myles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth:
“ Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the heart and hand of a soldier.”
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand,
Gathering still, as he went, the mayflowers blooming around him,
“ Puritan flowers,” he said, “ and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her, to Priscilla, the mayflower of Plymouth.”
Then as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
He said, “ I have come to you now with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Myles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth.”
But as he warmed and glowed in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said in a tremulous voice, “ Why don’t you speak for yourself, John? ”

[Longfellow.]





The First LeBaron



FRENCH privateer, cruising in 1696 on the American coast, was wrecked in Buzzard's Bay. The crew were carried through Plymouth as prisoners to Boston. Among them was a young French surgeon, Dr. Francis LeBaron. The people of Plymouth, sorely in need of a physician at that time, sent a request to the governor that he might be pardoned and remain with them. The request was granted, and he lived here till his death in 1704; at the age of thirty-six, scarcely ten years from the time he came. Ignorant of the language, his only means of communication was in the Latin tongue, with the clergymen of the parish. He must soon have overcome his ignorance of the English language,—at least sufficiently to ask the hand of the lovely Mary Wilder in marriage.

We can readily see what the change must have been to this accomplished young French surgeon, educated in the gay city of Bordeaux, transplanted into this cold Puritan New England town. But with the heart and hand of Mary Wilder he found enough to compensate him for the loss of kindred and country.

From the union of this young surgeon, thrown so accidentally upon our shores, and the young Puritan maiden, Mary Wilder, came all of the name of LeBaron scattered far and wide through the country.

There has always been a romantic glamour connected with his life, perhaps increased somewhat by his name, which seemed to indicate that he was of some rank in his native country.

All representing the marriage of Francis LeBaron and Mary Wilder in the tableau are his descendants.





Francis Lee Baron.
1694.

James and Mercy Warren



THE farmhouse where James Warren was born in 1726, as it stands today, is not so different from its older estate, and from it you may reconstruct a morsel of the past. Along the way that leads to it, some three miles out from Plymouth, are knolls and dimpling hollows; oak woods fill the distance, and beside the modern track of the street railway lie lowlands rich in flag and purple iris and bosky thickets of bayberry and wild rose. The Clifford farmhouse is within the turn of a road,—a small, gambrel-roofed dwelling, not so much changed, save that the tiny window-panes have been removed to make way for modern glass in more commodious squares. It is a modest house with but one room on either side of the front door, but it looks out on a prospect full of beauty. An aged linden is its neighbor, populous with bees, and gray-green willows line the way beyond. From the rough lichenized doorstone you may look down into bright green marshes, where the Eel River winds and glimmers, or on and up into the distance, where the tree-clad hills are fair. There were pleasant walks on that estate, then acre upon opulent acre. You might wander down to the curving beach and look over to Clark's Island and Saquish or Manomet Point, away to your right, or you might thread the woods by some green bridle-path and approach the Point itself.

There Mercy Warren began her married life, and there, in tranquil visits, after she had moved into Plymouth town, she did a great amount of literary work.

The house in town where she lived, on the corner of North and Main Streets, was once occupied by Colonel Winslow, commander of the forces sent to expel the unhappy Acadians. The house "is living yet," and trade has crept into it. It is a commodious dwelling, very picturesque under its gambrel roof, and there are still those who remember it unaltered within, its ancient staircase and broad window-seats. Today it is the near neighbor of other dwellings, but then it must have had the company of grass and trees.

[From "Life of Mercy Warren," by Alice Brown.]



B.H.

A Tea Party of Y^e Olden Time



CCASIONALLY, as if to prove to us that our dear grandmothers enjoyed themselves, girlish laughter and frolic illuminate the pages of some old record, and we read of merry-makings or love-makings that beguiled the passing hour. We hear of country visits, tea-drinkings, and much pleasant sociability.

“ C'est l'amour, c'est l'amour
Qui tourne le monde ronde ! ”

It seems as if the old couplet had been singing itself down all the years to assure us that these grandmothers and grandfathers of ours, with all their wisdom and sacrifice and devotion to duty, were capable of the same endearing follies that belong to their children of today.

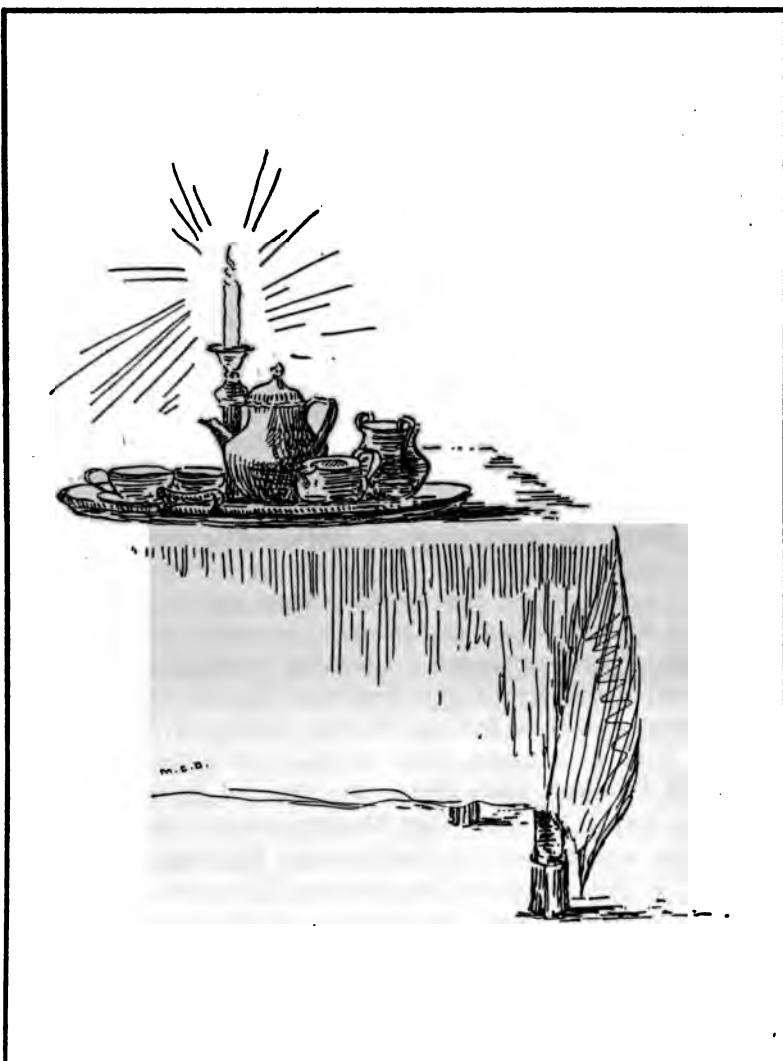
[A. H. Wharton's "Colonial Days and Dames."]

“ Jan 17th, 1772.

“ I have now the pleasure to [tell you of] a very genteel, well-regulated assembly which we had at Mr. Soley's last evening, Miss Soley being mistress of the ceremony. We had two fiddles, & I had the honor to open the diversion of the evening in a minuet with Miss Soley. Our treat was nuts, raisins, Cakes, Wine, punch, hot & cold, all in great plenty. We had a very agreeable evening from 5 to 10 o'clock. For variety we woo'd a widow, hunted the whistle, threaded the needle, & while the company was collecting we diverted ourselves with playing of pawns,— no rudeness, Mamma, I assure you. Aunt Deming desires you would perticularly observe that the elderly part of the company were spectators only,— they mix'd not in either of the above describ'd scenes.”

[Diary of Anna Green Winslow, 1771-1773.]

“ Full humble were their meals, their dainties very few,
'Twas only groundnuts, clams or eels when this old chair was new.
Their greeting very soft, good morrow very kind,
How sweet it sounded oft, before we were refined.
Humility their care, their failings very few,
My heart! how kind their manners were when this old chair was new.”



Deborah Sampson

A Heroine of the Revolution



O character in Revolutionary history is associated more closely with romance than Deborah Sampson, the girl soldier of the Continental Army. When all the stories of heroic women shall have been written, the fame of this simple country maiden, whose daring spirit was akin to that of her Pilgrim ancestors, will not be the least among them.

Deborah Sampson was born in Plympton, Mass., Dec. 17, 1760, and came of sturdy Old Colony stock. Her father perished at sea when she was a small child, leaving her mother poor and with several small children to support, and at the age of ten Deborah was bound out to Deacon Jeremiah Thomas of Middleboro. She had been a delicate child, but in her new home out-of-door work gave her robust health. She could plough, plant, harvest, mow or milk, while not lacking in domestic accomplishments.

The shot "heard round the world," fired by the embattled Concord farmers, awoke in the breast of Deborah Sampson an ardent desire to serve the cause of Independence. Like the Maid of Orleans, of whom perhaps she had never heard, her feminine nature was subordinated to her patriotic zeal and love for the stirring scenes of battle. It is related that with the help of a negro slave of the Leonards, a Middleboro family with whom Deborah then lived, she dressed herself in male attire and under the name of Timothy Thayer sought to be enrolled as a soldier, but was unsuccessful in her quest. Nothing daunted, however, she proceeded to lay plans for the accomplishment of her fond desire, and employed her spare time in spinning and weaving a piece of fustian, from which she made herself a complete suit of male clothing. One night in April, 1781, she stole away from home, and after various wanderings reached Bellingham, Mass., where she enlisted as a Continental soldier for the town of Uxbridge. The name she assumed was Robert Shurtliffe.

In company with fifty recruits she was marched to West Point and placed in a company of light infantry. Her stature, as then recorded, was five feet seven and a half inches; her eyes were hazel, her features regular but not handsome, and her figure graceful although masculine.

She took readily to military exercise, and in her first battle suffered more from thirst and fatigue than fear. At Yorktown, Deborah was in the thickest of the fight. In the hardships as well as the glories of the siege she had a personal share. Unwilling to be outdone by men, she labored in the trenches, and was often exposed to great danger from the enemy's fire. Once she felt the wind of a cannon ball pass over her head and killed four men just behind her. On the night of October 7, 1781, she was one of a detachment under General Lincoln who were ordered to open trenches within a mile of the enemy. The night was one of severe labor and exposure to her. In the morning General Lincoln noticed her extreme exhaustion and blistered skin and said to her: "You have too great a share of fatigue upon you, fine lad; retire to your tent, and pleasantly dream an hour or two."

Many are the tales told of her bravery, and she was wounded while doing service as a scout. It is said that on some parties she would always ride forward a little nearer the enemy than any of her comrades dared. Once, meeting the enemy suddenly, it was necessary to abandon their horses and run across a swamp for safety to escape a foe of overwhelming force. She then showed herself as fleet as a gazelle, bounding through the swamp many rods ahead of her companions. On one of these expeditions, so the legend runs, she was accompanied by an Indian guide, who became jealous of her superior marksmanship. One night, when they had lain down to rest under a sycamore tree, Deborah awoke to see the redskin approaching with an uplifted hatchet. Without a moment's hesitation she sprang to her feet, seized her gun, and shot him dead.

After serving faithfully three years Deborah Sampson was given an honorable discharge by General Washington. Through all her arduous and hazardous adventures she had borne herself with courage and patient endurance. Her sex was not discovered until the very end of the campaign. A few months after her return home she became the wife of Benjamin Gannett, a farmer of Sharon, Mass. She died in that town April 27, 1827. In her later years she received much attention from those who knew her remarkable history and admired her heroism.

The Flag Dance

[The audience is requested to rise and join in the singing of "America."]

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,
 To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

The Wild Flowers of Plymouth



HE flowers of Plymouth may not be showy, but always interesting, and each has its own peculiarity. Some have been with us since the earliest days of the colony, as they came from seed shaken from the ship brought by the Pilgrims; while some come one year and are gone the next. The reason of this fickleness we never understand, as the sun shines and the rain falls upon them, as upon the rest of nature.

As we think of that spring when the Pilgrims found their first flowers after having been surrounded by snow and ice for many dreary months, our hearts must rejoice in the cheer thus brought into their homes. The same flowers still attract the flower-lover; and from the early blooming Willow, surrounded by the bees eager for their first feast, to the flowers of the Helianthemum, or rock-rose, all repay a careful observation,—especially the latter, when the frost cracks its stem, forcing it into a sparkling globule, called frost-flower. We also find many flowers here, and there are none more charming than the Sabicea and its neighbors,—Coreopsis-rosea and Utricularia,—as well as the plants of the Drosera, or sundew. We cannot pass the green fields without noticing the Epigaea—better known as mayflower—without a grateful thought for its constant abundance, nor its companion, Corema, dear also to the hearts of our people.

How impossible it is to be just to so long a list as one can give of the sweetest and fairest being hidden from all but insect eyes! The little twin flower, Linnaea, makes lovely the sandy roadside, and the meadows are filled with the sweet breath of the evening primrose (Oenothera); while the sleepy catchfly (Silene) awakes at noon for watch, and the fields are gay with the red lily, either "erect" or "nodding," and the grasses wave as the wind sweeps over them, and are irresistibly led into quiet pathways by the pointing "five-finger" Potentilla. The trees bloom overhead, and we are scarcely aware of the sense of their beauty before it is gone, so quickly does the spring pass into summer.

Some lovely flowers are called "edible," and bright muscatel salads eaten with preserves of the rose and of the yellow pond-lily. Wine-wines are served made of cowslips and meadow-sweet. It seems

fitting food for fairies than for men; and who has ever found honey equal to that of our childhood, shared with the bees among the columbine and the clover tops?

The Comandra blossom scarcely shows on the hillside, yet when we look at it through a glass we find each anther held by a fine hair to the calyx; and when the roots of the Polygala Polygama are examined we find flowers, pale but vigorous, beneath the earth. Thus we must search for the hidden beauty of many flowers, while others flaunt it before our eyes.

We call our flowers by many names, some musical and some quite the reverse; as "Shoes-and-stockings," for Trefoil: and occasionally, when we catch an Indian name, we long to hear these words oftener, and to have heard the Indian children, as they gathered the bear-berry for their tea, calling it by their name of Kinnikinick, or giving to the Orontium aquaticum (golden club) the birdlike call of Taw-ke-e-e (Tawkee).



The Crowe House

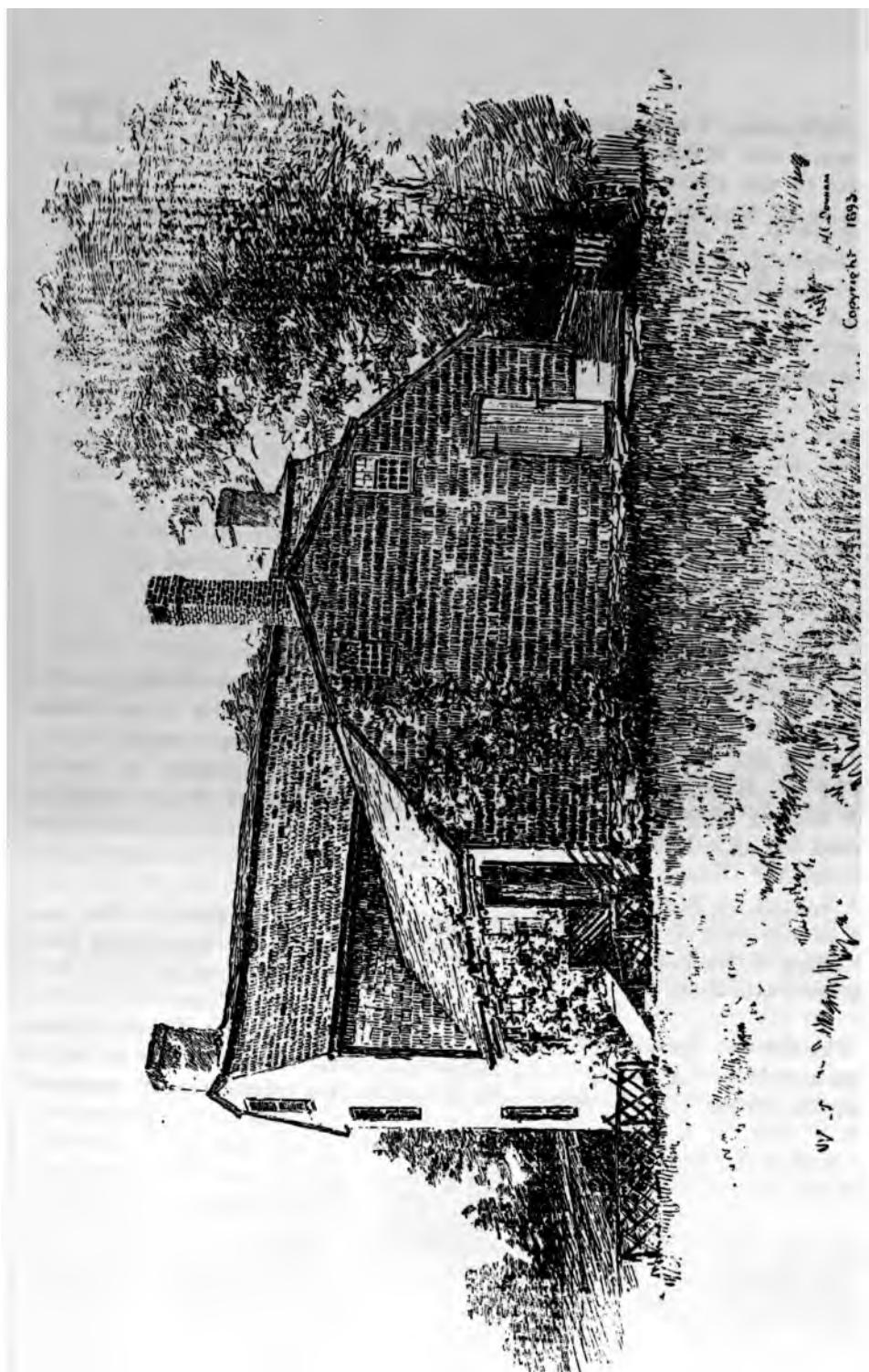


THE Crowe House, which the kindness of the present owner has opened to the public for the week of the Festival, is one of the old landmarks of Plymouth. The estate in the old days was part of a large tract of land called in the early records "Playne Dealing." The rear portion of the present house was built by William Crowe in 1664. In 1709 it came, through his wife, into the hands of Josiah Cotton, who built, in 1723, the addition which forms the main part of the building. The house still contains many curious and interesting relics of the old days.

Mr. Cotton says in his diary: "My wife was the only child of her Parents, who were people of good credit in the town. Her Mother (who was a Winslow) had been married ab^t 20 years to one Mr. William Crowe, a gentleman of good education, who died without any issue, upon which she married a young man, and had my wife, her first and only child. My Mother-in-law was a woman of good Education, Knowledge, Ability and Estate: Leaving her Daughter heir of a considerable farm at a Place called Plain Dealing in Plym^o.

* * * * *

"I lived in the Town and kept School four years and then having a Mind to try something else, I removed sometime in the year 1709 to a



Al. Doman
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W. F. W. - New York.

Small Habitation I had bought with some land adjacent to my wife's Inheritance two Miles North of y^e Town,—a Place agreeable in some Respects to the *Choice* which a celebrated Poet of our Nation exprest his Desire of Making in y^e following Lines.—

'If Heaven the gratefull Liberty would give,
'That I might chuse my Method how to live:
'Near some fair Town I'd have a private seat
'Built uniform, not little, nor too great.
'Better if on a rising ground it stood,
'Fields on this side, on that a Neighbouring wood.
'It should within no other things contain,
'But what were usefull, necessary, plain.
'Methinks 'tis Nauseous & I'd ne'er endure
'The needless Pomp of gaudy Furniture.
'A little Garden gratefull to the Eye
'And a cool Rivulett run murmuring by.
'A frugal Plenty should my table spread,
'With healthfull, not luxurious dishes fed.'

"This for the Place, now for the Business that I carved out for myself here. I had some Scholars in the winter time which I instructed in Writing and Arithmetic, &c., &c. But as to Farming I made a poor hand of it. Indeed I learnt to raise Tobacco and Hardened my hands for y^e cutting of wood so as that for many years after, I cut most of y^e wood brought long to my Door, &c. But finally having made the experiment I thought it would not do and so determined to return again to y^e School at Town.

"In the year 1723 I put in execution what I had intended in the year 1711 when I Removed to Town, viz., Building at & Removing back again to Plain Dealing."

The Crowe House will be open every day during the Festival, from 9 to 12 and from 1.30 to 5.30. Admission 10 cents. Electric cars leave the postoffice at five minutes before and at twenty-five minutes past the hour.

The Winslow House



THE Winslow House was built in 1754, by Edward Winslow, a great-grandson of Gov. Edward Winslow of the Mayflower, and brother of Gen. John Winslow, whose name is associated with the dispersion of the Acadians.

The oak panels, the carvings for the staircase and the mantelpieces, and even the whole framework of the house, are supposed to have been brought from England. There is a tradition that the frame was set upside down, as the upper rooms are slightly higher than those on the ground floor. The oak posts and beams, the heavy arches of brick and masonry that support the chimneys, the long strap-hinges of iron on the doors, and the hammered iron nails, with rounded heads, all show the strength and patient workmanship found in the houses of that time.

It seems to have been originally built in two stories, forming the front rooms and an L; later, the northeast corner of three stories was added, making a square house, and necessitating inside many curious steps, staircases and passageways. At one time the dining-room was lengthened, and a false ceiling covers a part of one of the old windows of forty small panes.

The beautiful linden-trees by the door are supposed to have been planted a few years after the house was built. It is pleasant to believe the story that they were set there by Penelope Winslow and her lover on the eve of his departure for England. Nothing is known of the history of the curious carving over the doorway.

Mr. Winslow was a Tory, and often entertained English officers in his house, who thus became familiar with it. In 1775 some officers of an English company, stationed in Marshfield, under the command of Capt. Balfour, while visiting in Plymouth, were attacked by the patriotic citizens whose ire they had excited. The sword of one of them was broken in pieces and distributed among the mob. According to a legend, for which no authority can be found, another officer dashed on horseback down the street, and disappeared in front of the Winslow House. The story goes that he rode through the great doorway, along the hall and out of the opposite door, and escaped into the woods which then grew near the house.

After the evacuation of Boston, in 1776, Mr. Winslow was obliged to leave Plymouth with his family. He joined the British in New York, and afterwards settled in Nova Scotia. His house was confis-

cated and is said to have been sold in portions, the necessities of the times not warranting its purchase as a whole; the east parlor, with the chamber above it, and a right in the cellar and hall, being one division. In 1782, Mr. Winslow's creditors sold the house, by various deeds, to Mr. Thomas Jackson. In 1813 it was owned by Mr. Charles Jackson, and in 1835 his daughter Lydia was married in the east parlor to Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In 1872, the house was sold to Lucia J., wife of Rev. Dr. George W. Briggs, whose son, George Russell Briggs, still owns it.

The Winslow House will be open every day during the Festival, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Admission 15 cents. Lunch served from 12 to 3. Afternoon tea from 4 to 6.

Winslow House Loan Collection

Loaned by Mrs. A. M. Harrison

- 1 Old chair and staff.
- 2 Chair in which General Washington sat at a ball given in Salem, 1789.
- 3 Oak log and brick taken from fort on Burial Hill, built in 1675.
- 4 Old fireback, date 1660.
- 5 Bullet mould and buckle taken from the ruins of Myles Standish's house in Duxbury, in 1867.
- 6 Old high-back rocker.
- 7 Old mirror imported from England. Over 200 years old.
- 8 Spinning-wheel.
- 9 Ancient silk embroidery.

Loaned by Miss Anna Spooner

- 10 Foot stove.
- 11 Two trays.
- 12 Roundabout chair.
- 13 Netting for a canopy bed.
- 14 Small dressing-glass.
- 15 Old platter, Rogers' ware, 1812.

Loaned by Miss Margaret Morton

- 16 Old mahogany candle stand and screen.
- 17 Chintz bedspread and cape.

Loaned by Mrs. Austin Morton

- 18 Teapot and creamer. Lowestoft.

Loaned by Mrs. George Whiting

- 19 Blue-and-white Dutch pottery.
- 20 Chair which stood in a square pew, First Church of Plymouth. Taken down in 1831.



Winslow House, 1754.

- 21 Teapot. Willow pattern.
22 Two cups and saucers. Revolutionary period.
23 Two lustre loving-cups.
24 Two Dutch plates.
25 Sampler. Grace Holmes, 9 years. 1802.
26 Tortoise-shell comb.
27 Painting on glass.
28 English pocketbook. Made in Liverpool, 1774.
29 Magazine, 1836. Arithmetic, 1833, by Peter Parley.
30 Bristol glass mug.
31 Silver lustre pitcher.
32 Sheltered peasant plate.

Loaned by Dr. James B. Brewster

- 33 Chair supposed to have come in the Ann, 1623.
34 Keystone taken from an arch of the archbishop's palace, Scrooby, England.
35 Bartlett coat-of-arms.

Loaned by Mrs. George Mabbett

- 36 Blue-and-white homespun valence.
37 Blue-and-white bedspread.
38 Fire set and warming-pan.

Loaned by Mrs. James W. Spooner

- 39 Portrait. Deacon Ephraim Spooner, born 1735.
40 Portrait. Capt. Nathl. Spooner, born 1748.
41 Homespun table cover and towels.
42 Deacon Ephraim Spooner's hat.
43 Two calashes.
44 Two silver-plated candlesticks.
45 Mahogany arm-chair.
46 Workbox.
47 Cup and saucer and spoon belonging to Deacon Ephraim Spooner.
48 English mug, 1788.
49 Pepper-box.
50 Platter. Boston Common.
51 Two colored prints.

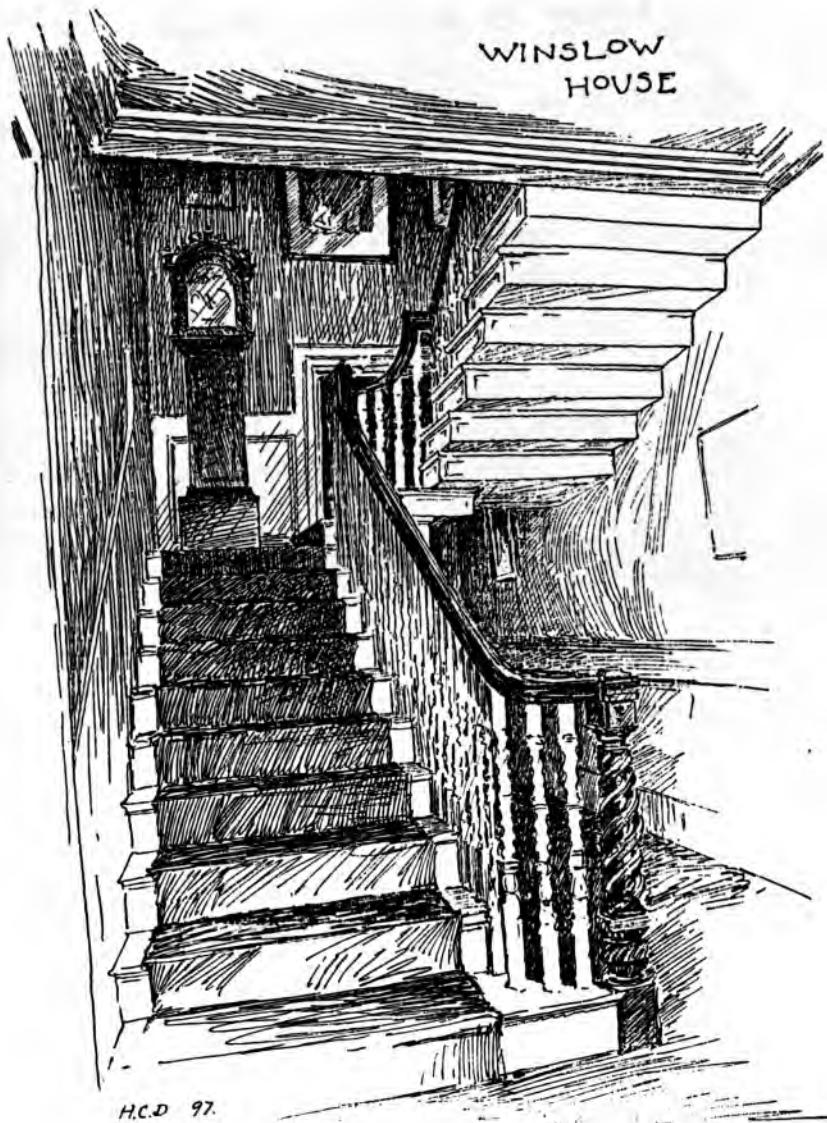
Loaned by Miss Ruth H. Spooner

- 52 Tithingman's pole.
53 Sofa.
54 Teapot.

Loaned by Mr. Arthur Lord

- 55 Mahogany cabinet.
56 Carved-oak pew back taken from the Scrooby church.
57 Mahogany table. Presented to Dr. James Kendall by Rev. Chandler Robbins.
58 Porringer. Belonged to the Rev. Chandler Robbins.
59 Vegetable dish. Cauliflower ware.

WINSLOW
HOUSE



Loaned by Miss Catherine Kendall

- 60 Mahogany hautbois.

Loaned by Miss Helen Russell

- 61 Clock.
62 Chair.
63 Piece of old cotton print.
64 Patch box.
65 India bowl and plate.
66 One plate.

Loaned by Miss Laura Russell

- 67 Silver tankard.
68 Snuffbox.

Loaned by Miss Elizabeth Russell

- 69 Penelope Winslow's prayer book.
70 Gov. Winslow's couch.
71 High-back chair, White family.
72 Mahogany candle stand and screen.
73 Silk brocade shawl.
74 Copper urn.
75 Old English crewel work.
76 Spoon and knife box.
77 Low mahogany chair.
78 Ancient rocking-chair.
79 Lowboy.
80 High-back painted chair.
81 Pair silver candlesticks.
82 Pair brass candlesticks.
83 Pilgrim pitcher, 1820.
84 Photograph of old Hayward House on Main Street, taken down
about 1877.
85 Carved pediment from Hayward House.
86 Three old flag-bottom chairs from Winslow family.
87 Dressing-glass.
88 Low round table.

Loaned by Mr. William Hedge

- 89 Commentary of the Proverbs of Solomon, by Thomas Cartwright,
printed by Wm. Brewster, Leyden, 1617.
90 Silver spoon, brought from England by John Lothrop.

Loaned by Mrs. Wm. H. Whitman

- 91 Three old tiles.
92 Old English bowl with marine design, "Success to the Fishery."
93 Platter, Texan war.
94 Old majolica cheese toaster.
95 Tea caddy and plate. Lowestoft.



- 96 Miniature locket of John Russell, born 1786.
97 Old painting of the Landing of the Pilgrims.
98 Painting on copper.
99 Psalms of David, translated into lyric verse by George White in
1632.
100 Cicero, printed in 1615.
101 Portrait of William Davis, copied from Stuart. Born 1758.

Loaned by Mrs. Charles G. Davis

- 102 Duncan coat-of-arms.
103 Portrait, Dr. Francis LeBaron, born 1781. Painted by Sully.
104 High chair.
105 Punch tumbler.
106 Russian glass bowl.
107 Portrait of a lady.
108 Portrait of a lady.
109 Blue china cup.
110 Pilgrim plate, 1820.
111 Round table which belonged to Edward Winslow.
112 Beaten silver sugar tongs.
113 Two pewter plates. Belonged to Penelope Winslow.
114 Small pieces of ancient jewelry.

Loaned by Miss Warren

- 115 Chair which belonged to Samuel Allyn Otis, born 1740.
116 Screen which belonged to Mercy Otis. Born 1728; married James
Warren.
117 Old rocking-chair belonging to the descendants of Peregrine White.
118 Winslow coat-of-arms.
119 Card table which belonged to Deacon Ephraim Spooner.
120 porringer which belonged to Mercy (Otis) Warren.
121 Waistcoat which belonged to Gen. James Warren, born 1726.

Loaned by Miss Alice Spooner

- 122 Chair of Gov. Hancock.

Loaned by Miss Isabelle T. Whitman

- 123 Chair belonging to Thomas family.
124 Two slippers and clog which belonged to Mrs. Nancy Sever, bor
1767.
126 Caldwell coat-of-arms.
127 Silver snuffbox.

Loaned by Mrs. L. G. Lothrop

- 128 Sofa.
129 Old suit of clothes worn by Barnabas Hedge at Harvard Commem
ment, 1783.
" - - - - -
red muslin dress.

Loaned by Miss Rebecca Jackson

133 Jackson coat-of-arms.

Loaned by Mr. William W. Brewster

134 Miniature locket of William Witherell, born 1781.

135 Mahogany washstand.

Loaned by Mrs. Frank B. Davis

136 Clapp coat-of-arms.

137 Hedge-Barnes coat-of-arms.

138 Portrait of Judge John Davis and wife, by Gerahdi.

139 Judge George Leonard and wife, by Copley..

140 Chair belonging in Hedge family.

141 Bowl. Two plates. Sugar-bowl.

142 Piece of old French china.

143 Old jug.

144 Teapot. Lowestoft.

Loaned by Mr. Wm. T. Davis

145 Piece of tapestry, embroidered by a member of the White family.

146 Table which belonged in the Winslow and White families.

147 Work table.

148 Dressing-table.

149 Old silver mug, 1699. John and Thankful (Lothrop) Hedge.

150 Miniature. Isaac P. Davis, born 1771. By Staigg.

151 Old English powder tester.

152 Brass Monteith. Time of Queen Anne.

153 Ancient pipe tongs.

154 Autograph certificate of Admiral Horatio Nelson, 1782.

155 Two teeth from the skeleton of a Pilgrim exhumed on Cole's Hill, 1854.

156 Wendell coat-of-arms.

157 Chinese enamel bowl and pitcher, 1750.

Loaned by Mrs. B. M. Watson

158 Four old pictures.

159 Two Gov. Winslow chairs.

160 Silhouettes.

161 Miniature locket.

Loaned by Mr. E. Wrestling Brewster

162 Ancient Brewster mirror.

163 Four-post bedstead with canopy.

164 Two chairs.

165 Church chair of Wrestling Brewster, 1694.

166 Andirons.

The articles from 162 to 166, inclusive, are loaned from the old Brewster House in Kingston, built in 1697.

Cast of Scenes

Scene I. Boston, England

THE Pilgrims in Captivity.—Tableau. In charge of Miss Louisa B. Knapp, Miss Helen Millar.

PILGRIMS

John Carver	Mr. James D. Thurber
Mrs. Carver	Miss Annie Stephens
William Bradford	Dr. LeRoy D. Farnham
Edward Winslow	Dr. E. B. Stephens
Mrs. Winslow	Miss Maria E. Morton
William Brewster	Dr. James B. Brewster
Isaac Allerton	Mr. W. P. Washburn
And others.	

English people in the market-place
looking at the captive Pilgrims.

Scene II. Holland

THE Pilgrims on their Way to embark at Delft Haven.
Dance of Dutch Peasants.—In charge of Mrs. George M. Peterson, Mrs. William W. Brewster.

DANCERS

Miss Albertha Hedge	Mr. Fred P. Bailey
" Helen Atwood	" George Gooding
" Lillie Holmes	" George Davie
" Edith Bartlett	" Percy Bailey
" Laura Russell	" Jesse Cole
" Katharine Lord	" Harry Bates
" Sarah Brewster	" Chester Holmes
" Florilla Carll	" Russell Clark

HOLLAND SCENE—Continued

OTHER PEASANTS

Mrs. E. H. Peterson	Miss Mabel Freeman
" Abby C. Holmes	" Laura M. Holmes
" Frances A. Talbot	" Hattie Gooding
" Emma C. Peterson	Mr. Allen T. Holmes
" Richard Holmes	" Elmer Douglas
Miss Geraldine Hubbard	" William Barrows
" Nellie Hubbard	

PILGRIMS

John Robinson	Rev. C. P. Lombard
John Carver	Mr. James D. Thurber
Wm. Bradford	Dr. LeRoy D. Farnham
Wm. Brewster	Dr. James B. Brewster
Edw. Winslow	Dr. E. B. Stephens
And others.	

Scene III. The Voyage of the Pilgrims

THE Embarkation from Delft Haven. The Landing at Plymouth Rock.—In charge of Miss Louisa B. Knap, Miss Helen Millar.

"Far o'er the waters drear,
We hear their word of cheer:
God is our stay.
Hope on whate'er betide,
Trusting the unseen guide;
He with us will abide;
God leads the way."

PILGRIMS

Gov. Carver	Mr. James D. Thurber
Mrs. Carver	Miss Annie Stephens
Gov. Bradford	Dr. LeRoy D. Farnham
Edward Winslow	Dr. E. B. Stephens
Mrs. Winslow	Miss Maria E. Morton
Elder Brewster	Dr. James B. Brewster
Capt. Myles Standish . .	Mr. Winslow Brewster Standish
Rose Standish	Miss Mary Thurber
William White	Mr. Alfred S. Burbank

VOYAGE SCENE—Continued

Mrs. White	Mrs. Joanna White Morgan
Isaac Allerton	Mr. W. P. Washburn
Dr. Samuel Fuller	Dr. Charles R. Rogers
John Alden	Mr. William Brewster
John Turner	Mr. Joseph Holmes
Stephen Hopkins	Mr. H. W. Royal
Mrs. Hopkins	Mrs. F. N. Knapp
Child	Miss Ruth Baker
Edward Tilly	Mr. H. N. P. Hubbard
Priscilla Mullins	Miss Edith Mabbett
Elizabeth Tilly	Miss Florence A. Barron
Mary Chilton	Miss Jane E. Sever
John Howland	Mr. H. E. Washburn
Little Girl	Miss Susie Barrows
John Robinson	Rev. C. P. Lombard

INDIAN

Samoset	Mr. Thomas Brotherton
-------------------	-----------------------

Scene IV. Southampton, England

ENGLISH Holiday Festivities. The Mayflower at Anchored
The Pilgrims awaiting the Arrival of the Speedwell.
In charge of Mrs. George Mabbett, Mrs. Henry H. Cole

ENGLISH MERRYMAKERS

Miss Laura H. Russell	Peggy the Bar Maid
Mr. Arthur Bradford	The Jester
Miss Sarah Litchfield	Mr. Thomas Cole
" Belle Cushman	" Russell Clark
" Amelia Cook	" George Mabbett
" Helen Frink	" Jesse Cole
" Beatrice Hill	" John W. Parks
" Katharine Southgate	" Fred Barker
" Bertha Clark	" Roswell Douglass
" Nina Eddy	" Percy Bailey
" Eunice Morrissey	" Harry L. Bates
" Emma Brown	" John Dinsmore
" Louise Washburn	" Earl Gooding
	" Dwight Farnham

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Scene V. The Signing of the Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower

In charge of Miss Margaret B. Morton.

Being at Cape Cod upon the eleventh day of November, 1620, it was thought meet for their more orderly carrying on of their affairs, and accordingly by mutual consent they entered into a solemn combination, as a body politic, to submit to such government and governors, laws and ordinances, as should by a general consent, from time to time, be made choice of, and assented unto. This was the first foundation of the government of New Plymouth.

[From New England's Memorial.]

CHARACTERS

The Mayflower Pilgrims.

Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither they come;
Where the free dare to be,
This is their home.

Scene VI. Indian Home Life

WAR Dance. In charge of Mrs. George E. Morton.

INDIAN BRAVES

Edward Holmes
Lawrence W. Cushman
Arthur W. Bramhall
Norman G. Cate
Edward P. Davie

Thomas Brotherton
Abraham Lowry
Joseph Holmes
William Began

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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The Boston Road.**

Scene VII. The Treaty with Massasoit

In charge of Miss Elizabeth Thurber, Mrs. F. N. Knapp.

CHARACTERS

Gov. Carver	Mr. James D. Thurber
William Bradford	Dr. LeRoy D. Farnham
Edward Winslow	Dr. E. B. Stephens
Elder Brewster	Dr. James B. Brewster
Capt. Myles Standish . .	Mr. Winslow Brewster Standish
	Other Pilgrims.
Massasoit	Mr. Edward Holmes
	Other Indians.

Scene VIII. A Service in the Old Fort

In charge of Miss Margaret B. Morton.

CHARACTERS

Pilgrims going to meeting.

"They were called to church by the roll of the drum, going by twos; the Elder first, and the Governor coming after."

Scene IX. The Courtship of Myles Standish

SCENE I. In the "simple and primitive dwelling of the Pilgrim Captain." Scene II. In the home of Priscilla. Scene III. "Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation."—In charge of Mrs. George Mabbett, Mrs. H. H. Cole.

CHARACTERS

Priscilla Mullins	Miss Edith Mabbett
Myles Standish	Mr. Winslow Brewster Standish
John Alden	Mr. William Brewster

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Scene X. Wedding of Francis LeBaron

TABLEAU.—In charge of Miss Laura S. Brewster, Miss Lucia R. Hedge.

Francis LeBaron	Mr. Henry R. Hedge
Mary Wilder	Miss Elizabeth F. Stoddard
The Minister	Mr. William Brewster
Clerk of the Parish	Mr. George R. Briggs

WEDDING GUESTS

Mrs. Charles G. Davis	Col. George B. Russell
“ James B. Brewster	Mr. William Hedge
“ Richard H. Morgan	“ John T. Stoddard
Miss Mary Carver Stoddard	“ Frank R. Stoddard, Jr.
“ Laura H. Russell	“ LeBaron Hathaway
“ Caroline Morgan	“ Howland Davis, Jr.

All descendants of Francis LeBaron.

Scene XI. The Wedding of Gen. James Warren and Mercy Otis

In charge of Miss Caroline B. Warren, assisted by Mrs. Arthur Lord and Mrs. Frank B. Davis.

Dancing in charge of Mrs. H. W. Royal, Miss Agnes G. Barnes, Miss Elizabeth Thurber, 2nd.

James Warren	Mr. James Warren
Mercy Otis	Miss Margaret Warren
Hon. James Otis, Sr.	Mr. Pelham W. Warren
Mrs. Otis	Miss Lucretia S. Watson
James Otis, Jr.	Mr. Winslow Warren, Jr.
Mrs. Otis	Miss Laura S. Brewster
James Warren, Sr.	Mr. William Hedge
Mrs. Warren	Mrs. Frank B. Bearce

Gen. Warren's waistcoat and shoe-buckles are worn in this scene by his great-great-grandson.

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WEDDING SCENE—Continued

WEDDING GUESTS

Mrs. Henry W. Royal	Mr. William R. Hedge
Miss Sue H. Amsden	“ Arthur Bramhall
“ Elizabeth Thurber, and	Dr. George W. Bosworth
“ Mary B. Magee	Mr. Jesse A. Cole
“ Helen Hathaway	“ H. Earle Mabbett
“ Florence A. Barron	“ Walter L. Manter
Mrs. James K. Mills	“ Frank H. Perkins
Miss Alice C. Chase	“ Fred P. Bailey
“ Albertha Hedge	“ Henry Hedge
“ Agnes G. Barnes	“ Roswell Douglass
“ Hester Cook	“ Richard Douglass
“ Alice F. Brown	“ George Mabbett
“ Lucia R. Hedge	“ James Spooner

Scene XII. A Social Gathering or Tea Party of 1760

In charge of **Mrs. Frank B. Davis**, assisted by **Miss Anne T. Whitman** and **Miss Eleanor Ryerson**.

HOSTESS AND GUESTS

Mrs. F. N. Knapp	Mrs. James W. Cooper
Miss Elizabeth Thurber	Miss Mary Magee
Mrs. Arthur Lord	Mr. William Hedge
“ David L. Manter	“ George Mabbett
“ Morton Andrews	“ Jason W. Mixter
Miss Mary R. Hedge	“ James W. Cooper
“ Alice Bates	“ James D. Thurber
“ Helen Millar	“ William S. Kyle
“ Edith Mabbett	“ George E. Errington
Mrs. James Mullins	“ James W. Sever

Scene XIII. A Scene from the Revoluti

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Scene XIV. The Flag Dance

In charge of Mrs. Walter Southgate.

DANCERS

Miss Bertha Clark	Mr. George Gooding
" Amelia Cook	" John W. Parks
" Eunice Morissey	" Fred Barker
" Helen Frink	" Percy Bailey
" Belle Cushman	" Jesse Cole
" Sarah Litchfield	" Russell Clark
" Katharine Southgate	" J. Thomas Cole
" Emma Brown	" Roswell Douglass
" Beatrice Hill	" John Densmore

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The Pilgrims finding the Wild Flowers of Plymouth.— In charge of Mrs. Edward B. Atwood, Mrs. James Mullins, Mrs. C. R. Wood, Miss Jennie Hubbard, Miss Elizabeth W. Whitman.

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Ellis Brewster
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Elmer Holmes
Ralph Savery

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Dorothy Jordan

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Bettina Parks

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Helen Hathaway
Louise Freeman

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Mildred Howland

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Owls to Athens sende?
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SPRING SCENE—Continued

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Hughana McDonald
Ruth Morse

SUCCORY

Helen Smith
Charlotte Newhall

WHITE ALDER

Frances Lord
Aurissa Savery
Helen Bradford

INDIANS

Chester Tripp
Harold Hallett
Thomas Stevens

PILGRIMS

Walter Gifford
Irving Bramhall
Arthur Bartlett
Alton Pratt
Ward McKeyser
Ralph Clark
Edward Barrows
Jennie Holmes
Carrie Moning
Bertha MacNaught
May Nickerson
Mary Washburn

MAYFLOWERS

Dorothy Russell
Mildred Hayden
Margaret Gifford
Olive Bramhall
Elsie MacL. Eager
Marion Hayden
Adell Chandler
Dora Wrightington
Elizabeth Saunders
Beulah Haskins

RED LILY

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BLADDER-WORT

Florence Snow
Frances Snow

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Frances Douglass
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INDIAN SCENE

**Moon Dance of Indian Maidens. (b) War Dance
the Braves.—In charge of Mrs. Richard Holmes.**

INDIAN MAIDENS

Nina Eddy	Edith Fuller
May Howland	May Hill
Eunice Paulding	Margaret Lord
Grace Bradford	Sarah Manter

INDIAN BRAVES

William Doten	Christopher Russell
Norman Cate	James Mabbett
Arthur Douglass	Thomas Stevens
Henry Lord	John Fuller

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In charge of Mrs. Henry A. Atwood.

DANCERS

Margaret Lord	John H. Weeks, Jr.
Alice Gifford	Warren Weeks
Bettina Parks	Fred Churchill
Angie Churchill	Harrison Morse
Kittie Stranger	John Doten
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